

# Newport Mercury

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA  
ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758

VOLUME CLII.—NO. 33. NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 22, 1910. WHOLE NUMBER 8,518.

## The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—  
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO  
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.  
157 THAMES STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1865, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable foreign and household departments. Receiving so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 233, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Benckert, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- COURT WATSON, No. 577, Foresters of America—James Graham, Chief; Joseph J. Deane, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allen, President; Patrick P. Roy, Jr., Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. H. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss Margaret Shea, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DAUGHTERS OF THE TRUST, No. 3—President, Mrs. Adam Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
- REYNOLDS LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schmitt, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney H. Harvey; James O. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.
- CLAY LODGE, No. 167—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was largely devoted to highway matters, a number of streets being considered for improvement. The regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved.

A petition was presented stating that the corner of Old Beach Road at Greenough place made a dangerous place and asking that it be removed. Messrs. H. A. Sullivan and F. F. Nolan appeared for several petitioners and spoke in favor of the petition. City Clerk Fullerton drew up a decree stating that public convenience demanded that Old Beach Road at Greenough place be widened and straightened. A commission consisting of D. J. Buckley, P. J. Morgan and J. F. J. O'Connor was chosen to consider the matter and arrange for damages with the abutters.

Chase street and Eke street were both declared public highways. There was some talk about the rights of the public in Pearl street, a small street off Pond avenue. The city solicitor was instructed to investigate and learn whether or not Pearl street is a public highway. The deeds of the Hoffman place to the city were accepted.

A number of minor licenses were granted. The appointment of Rowland O. Hammond and Bertram U. Pierce as special policemen was confirmed. The board voted to recommend the election of F. M. Sisson as clerk of the highway department by the representative council, and also that his salary be increased from \$1000 to \$1200.

Two sailors from vessels in the harbor created lots of excitement on Thames street and vicinity Wednesday night. They created somewhat of a disturbance on the street and when the police attempted to arrest them, they started on their row boat and headed for their barges. The police followed in a row boat and captured them. Thursday morning they were allowed to depart after paying the expenses of the chase.

The cover picture of the Youth's Companion for this week is an excellent likeness of Trinity Church in this city. There is an interesting article on the church in the same number accompanied by several pictures of the interior of the church.

Charles Robertson Hooey, infant son of Colonel Samuel R. Hooey, died in Naples on December 30.

### Channing Club Dinner.

The January meeting of the Channing Club was held on Monday evening with a larger attendance than usual. An excellent dinner was served by Muenchinger, and at its conclusion there was an interesting exposition of the question of a protected waterway along the Atlantic coast.

The members and guests were seated at three tables extended down the room, while the head was the table for speakers and special guests. President Leander K. Carr presided. Before the dinner was seated Chaplain Cassey of the Naval Training Station invoked the divine blessing.

After the cigars were lighted President Carr introduced Colonel Sanford of the United States Engineers, who gave an interesting general account of the proposition to build a series of protected waterways along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. He had charge of the section of the country, showing what canals, how, exist and what it will be necessary to build. He told of the early suggestions of the feasibility of such a scheme, dating way back to the early days of the nation. He said that the engineer department of the army is now engaged in making surveys of the routes to determine the probable cost and the best routes to be selected. He believed that of all the stretches where work must be done, that section known as the Rhode Island canal would be one of the least expensive and he regarded it as likely that the government would prefer to begin work on the cheapest first.

Mr. Edward Parham of the engineer office was the next speaker, and he dwelt particularly upon that section of the proposed canal system that has to do with this part of the country. He showed the urgent necessity for a protected waterway for vessels, citing the large number of wrecks that have occurred off this coast and further to the east off Cape Cod. He said that the Rhode Island canal would not prove very expensive to build, consisting mainly of connecting up stretches of ponds through the South county and dredging them in some cases to a greater depth. The canal from Narragansett Bay to Boston would be much more expensive, but would prove of great value to navigation, avoiding the dangerous journey around Cape Cod. The Cape Cod canal, now in course of construction, would not accomplish the same results as the Narragansett Bay canal for vessels would still be exposed to dangerous storms after passing Cape Cod and before reaching Boston.

Mr. John P. Sanborn was called upon by the president to say a few words about the Norfolk Convention. He called attention to the fact that the next convention will be held in Rhode Island next September, when President Taft will be in attendance, and said that at least one day would be spent in Narragansett Bay and Newport. He urged all to take an interest in the convention which will be of great value to Newport as well as the rest of the State.

Minutemen Council, No. 3, D. of P., held a whist and dance in Builders and Merchants hall Tuesday evening with a large attendance. Whist was played for two hours and at the close the two prizes for the highest scores were awarded to Miss Clara R. Farmer and Mr. Malcolm McColl. The congratulations were captured by Mr. L. W. West and Mrs. Ray B. Wilson, Jr., the latter playing the part of a gentleman. Dancing and a social time followed until one o'clock. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

A union missionary service was held at Trinity church last Sunday afternoon, the Sunday schools of Trinity, St. John's and St. George's uniting. Addresses were made by Rev. George Vernon Dickey and Rev. Benjamin S. Bert, assistant at St. John's church. Rev. Dr. Porter was in charge of the service.

Jewels will shortly be presented to the Past Sachems of Weneat Shasht Tribe of Red Men, at a special meeting, which is being arranged by a committee appointed for this purpose.

Mr. Henry White, former ambassador to France, is to erect a handsome residence in Washington, having recently purchased a large building site there.

Rev. G. W. Laidlaw, of Chicago, a former rector of St. George's Church, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter King the past week.

Rev. William Safford Jones of this city was one of the bearers at the funeral of Rev. A. G. Stinson in Providence on Tuesday.

Deputy Sheriff Frank L. DeBlois went to Block Island Thursday afternoon.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has been confined to his home by illness.

Mr. Francis J. Otis has returned from Europe.

### Wedding Bells.

Kirwin-Smith.  
Miss Pauline Charles Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, and Mr. Garrett Joseph Kirwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Kirwin, were united in marriage at St. Mary's Church on Wednesday morning in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William B. Meenan, who also celebrated the nuptial mass.

The bride wore a gown of white tulle with train trimmed with Irish lace, and carried an ivory prayer book. She was attended by Miss Catherine Sweeney as bridesmaid. The best man was Mr. Edward P. Kirwin, and the ushers were Messrs. A. J. Kirwin, Jr., and Groves Smith.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents on Bath road, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirwin started on the steamer General at noon for a wedding trip to New York and Washington.

### The St. Clare Home.

The corporation of the St. Clare Home has purchased from Henry D. DeBlois the so-called Newton property on lower Thames Street to be used as the home for the White Sisters. The estate purchased lies between the Thames Street Methodist Church and the Father Mathew building, and is one of the historic Newport estates. It was formerly owned by United States Senator Francis Mathews, who died in office in 1869. In 1844 it was purchased by Dr. James R. Newton who used it for a number of years. After passing through other hands it was purchased by the late A. C. Titus who subsequently sold it to Henry D. DeBlois.

The property comprises extensive grounds on which is a fine old building, which will of course, require some alterations and repairs. It is regarded as a splendid place for the purpose for which it will be used. It was formerly occupied for a time by the United States Engineer Department in this city.

Funeral services for Mr. Hamilton McK. Twombly were held in St. Thomas' church, New York, Saturday morning and, despite the inclemency of the weather, there was a large gathering. Bishop David L. Greer officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas' church, and Rev. J. K. Blanchard, rector of Grace Church, Madison, N. J. There was singing by a choir of 40 voices, under the direction of Mr. Will C. MacFarlane, organist and choir-master of the church. The altar was a mass of beautiful floral pieces. The pallbearers were J. Pierpont Morgan, Richard H. Williams, Frederick W. Whitbridge, Thomas L. Maunson, Edward Burnett, George F. Baker, William H. Newman, F. L. Steison and George L. Rives. Interment was in Woodlawn, a special train carrying the family and relatives to the cemetery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dwight Woolsey Gilman, who died on Friday of last week, was the widow of Mr. Daniel Colt Gilman, formerly President of Johns Hopkins University. She was a daughter of the late John M. and Jane Andrews Woolsey and a sister of the late Miss Sarah G. Woolsey (Susan Coolidge) and of Miss Theodora Woolsey and Mrs. Joseph Howland of this city.

Mr. Leonard M. Thomas gave his farewell bachelor's dinner last Saturday evening at Delmonico's in New York. Among the guests were Messrs. William S. Hitt, T. Markoe Robertson, James Barney, William Post, Francis Potter, W. O'Donnell, Iselin Adolph Borls and Charles and Harry Oelrichs. Mr. Thomas will be married to Miss Blanche Oelrichs on January 28th.

Work on the interior of the nurses home on Broadway progresses rapidly, and the building will undoubtedly be ready for occupancy in the early spring. The slating has not yet been completed, but the slaters take advantage of all the good days that come along to push their part of the work.

There was a large attendance at the seventh concert of the Orpheus Male Singing Society at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening. An excellent programme was rendered and all the numbers were greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Florence F. Sullivan has been appointed foreman of the boiler makers at the Old Colony shops to succeed the late M. F. Walsh. Mr. Sullivan has been employed at the shops for 31 years, starting in as a boy.

Mr. William Gardner, formerly of this city, but now of New York, has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Gardner, on Rhode Island avenue the past week.

Mrs. William P. Buffum and Miss Margaret Buffum are visiting in Philadelphia.

### Recent Deaths.

William B. West.  
Mr. William B. West died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Stevens, Jr., on Newport avenue at an early hour Tuesday morning from pneumonia. He has been in poor health for a long time, and about a year ago his condition was regarded as very serious, he being confined to his bed for weeks, but he afterwards recovered sufficiently to be able to go out and kept up until about two weeks ago, when he was stricken with his fatal illness. Since the death of his wife a few years ago he has made his home with his children.

Mr. West was a mason by trade, and for a time was engaged in the teaming business, but for the past few years had taken care of the Park on Washington Square during the summer season. He was a man of a very congenial nature and had many warm friends, being very kind hearted. During the Civil War he served in both army and navy. On August 15, 1862, he was mustered in as a Private in Company B, Fourth regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, and was honorably discharged therefrom May 12, 1864, serving with his regiment in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, Port Macon, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Suffolk, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Spring Church and Hatch's Run. On his discharge from the army he was transferred to the navy as a landsman and served on the Matthew Vassar, Sohrauba and Princeton, being discharged from the service while on board the Princeton, June 11, 1864. He was a member of Charles E. Lawton Post G. A. R., and later of Lawton-Warren Post, serving as quartermaster sergeant for a number of years.

Mr. West is survived by two sons and four daughters. Mr. Charles H. West and Mr. Alfred M. West and Mrs. William Laker of Brockton, Mrs. Theodore Andrews of New Bedford and Mrs. Frank W. Marshall and Mrs. Charles C. Stevens, Jr. of this city.

### William T. Young.

Mr. William T. Young died at the Newport Hospital last Sunday morning after an illness of considerable duration having been taken ill while at work at the residence of Mr. George Henry Warren several weeks ago. He did not recover consciousness after he was taken to the hospital. Mr. Young was foreman for Philip F. Conroy, having been in his employ for many years, and was regarded in very high esteem by both his employer and employees. He was of a quiet nature but had many warm friends.

Besides his widow, a father, Mr. Thomas E. Young, the well known bootmaker, who has conducted a shop on Poplar street for many years, survives him, also a brother, Charles Young, and a sister, Mrs. William Thurston.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Equality, Park place Tuesday morning and were largely attended. Rev. Charles F. Beattie, rector of the Zabrickie Memorial Church, officiated. A quartette, consisting of Mrs. Henry H. Smith, Miss Cora M. Gosling, Mr. J. Frank Albro and Mr. Karl M. Stone, sang. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The bearers were Messrs. Charles Cooper, Albert W. Almy, William L. Quick and Clarence L. Grinnell, all in the employ of Philip F. Conroy; and Herman D. Fraeb and Hugh McMahon. The interment was in the Old Cemetery.

### Mrs. Edward L. Williams.

Mrs. Mary Bowen Williams, widow of Mr. Edward L. Williams, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Gifford, on Mill street, at an early hour on Saturday of last week from pneumonia, after an illness of about two weeks. She was in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Mrs. Williams was a woman of a bright and social disposition and was very active for her years. She was fond of her friends' society and was a great favorite with the young people. She will be greatly missed not only in her home but by her many friends.

Mrs. Williams was the daughter of the late Charles E. and Phoebe (Jill) Davenport. She is survived by a son, Mr. Benjamin Williams of Pawtucket, and two daughters, Mrs. L. H. Noble of Boston and Mrs. Hugh N. Gifford of this city.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Mill street Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and were attended by many relatives and friends. Rev. Charles F. Beattie, rector of the Zabrickie Memorial Church, read the simple services of the Episcopal faith. The casket was covered with many beautiful floral pieces. The bearers were Messrs. Joseph B. Caswell, Theodore H. Bliss, Herman F. Rounds and Archibald May. The interment was in the Old Cemetery on Farewell street.

### Storm and Thaw.

The storm of last Saturday was one of the most severe ones that Newport has experienced in a number of years. Contrary to the usual programme, we had apparently more snow down here than they had in the northern part of the State, and our traffic suffered more severely. The depth on a level was considerable, and the snow was so light and the wind so strong that it was drifted very freely. The electric railways through the country were badly handicapped and were obliged to suspend their schedules entirely for a time.

The steam railroad suffered severely and on Saturday there were no trains to nor out. In consequence there were no mails nor out of town newspapers all day. The worst obstruction was encountered in the cut just beyond Biltwot Perry, where the snow had been piled in and packed hard by the wind, so trying to push the plows through this mass of snow locomotives were derailed and there was a general unpleasant time. During Saturday night, however, the drift was forced and the regular trains Sunday morning went through on time without delay.

Tuesday morning there was a warm rain which soon made the conditions in the streets about as bad as could well be imagined. The highway department had worked vigorously since the snow fall, but had not had time to clear the gutters when the thaw came, and in consequence the snow and water stood deep in the streets. Extra efforts were made to free the gutters and in a short time the conditions were improved a little.

### Industrial Trust Company.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Industrial Trust Company in Providence Tuesday Cyrus P. Brown was re-elected president and Arthur L. Kelley, H. Martha Brown, Otis Everett and Joshua M. Addeman were elected vice presidents. The following directors were elected: Samuel P. Colt, Olney T. Jannan, William R. Dwyer, Warren O. Arnold, Richard A. Robertson, Scott, William H. Perry, Arthur L. Kelley, H. Martha Brown, George F. Baker, George M. Thornton, Cyrus P. Brown, Charles C. Harrington, Louis F. Comstock, Herbert H. Fenner, J. Milton Payne, Eben N. Littlefield, Otis Everett, C. Prescott Knight, Jesse H. Metcalf, John J. Watson, Jr., Charles H. Allen, John B. Branch, William P. Chapin, Angus McLeod, Ezra Dixon.

### Firemen's Relief Association.

The annual meeting of the Newport Firemen's Relief Association was held on Monday when the annual reports of the various officers showed the organization to be in a healthy financial condition. The following officers were elected for the year:

- President—Andrew J. Kirwin.  
Vice President—Edward T. Bowditch.  
Secretary—Lewis L. Simmons, Jr.  
Treasurer—Thomas W. Wood.  
Auditors—Edward T. Bowditch, Harry B. Orr, J. Harry Brown.  
Relief Committee—Joseph E. Lawton, Board of Firewardens, George H. Kirby, Steamer No. 1; Frederick A. Barker, Steamer No. 2; John H. Kelly, hose No. 3; Frank S. Patterson, Steamer No. 4; Frank M. Lawton, Steamer No. 5; William J. Shepley, Steamer No. 7; Thomas J. Potter, Jr., hose No. 8; James W. Millington, Hook and Ladder No. 1; Jeremiah G. Sullivan, Hook and Ladder No. 2; George H. Freeman, Combination No. 1; John J. Murphy, Combination No. 2.

The will of the late Hamilton McK. Twombly has been filed for probate, his widow, Mrs. Florence Adele W. Twombly, being named as executrix. Practically all of the property is given to the widow. To his brother is given all the interest he had in their father's estate, and all personal and private debts owed to him by friends are released and discharged.

The will of the late D. Ogden Mills divides the sum of \$400,000 among certain institutions as follows: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, the Home for Incurables in New York, \$100,000 each; the New York Botanical Garden, \$50,000; the American Geographical Society and the American Red Cross Society, \$25,000 each. The remainder of the estate after these bequests have been paid is to be divided equally between his son, Ogden Mills, and his daughter, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Contractor Corrigan on Thursday began the work of excavating for the foundation of the new naval hospital on the Mailroad place. If the weather continues favorable the work will be pushed through to completion and as soon as spring sets in the foundation will be laid and the walls will begin to go up. But cellar digging in January is uncertain work and the weather may put a stop to it at any minute.

### Women's Auxiliary.

The annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in the new Vanderbilt building on Thursday afternoon with a large attendance. Mrs. William H. Franklin, president of the auxiliary, presided. Thereafter it was the secretary, Mrs. Blunhope, showed the organization to be flourishing, and a great deal of work was accomplished during the year. The report of the treasurer, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman, showed receipts during the year of \$5,701.47, and a balance at the close of the year of \$71.87.

The following officers were elected for the year:

President—Mrs. W. H. Franklin.  
First Vice President—Mrs. T. Fred Kaul.  
Second Vice President—Mrs. Roland J. Easton.  
Secretary—Mrs. Clarence Stanhope.  
Treasurer—Mrs. A. K. Sherman.  
Directresses—First Baptist—Mrs. H. B. Ryder.  
Second Baptist—Mrs. William H. Easton and Mrs. Henry D. Scott.  
Congregational—Mrs. B. T. H. Allman.  
Thames Street Methodist—Mrs. Charles Biehl.  
First Methodist—Mrs. French.  
Presbyterian—Mrs. A. V. Luther.  
Trinity—Mrs. Fred A. Allan.  
Emmanuel—Mrs. Henry H. Willey.  
St. George—Mrs. Peter King.  
St. John's—Mrs. Max M. Friend.  
Friends—Mrs. William Holt.

A supper was served by the social committee, and to the evening reports were received from the heads of the various companies. President Thomas P. Peckham, Secretary Wilfred H. Chapin and Col. William J. Cozzens made addresses during the evening session.

### Work at the Mines.

The owners of the Rhode Island collieries in Portsmouth are making improvements on that property. They are preparing to sink several more diamond drills at once on various parts of the property. They have two of the buildings to be used for homes of the miners well under way and three more are to be started at once. These are all brick, each two and one-half stories high and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet long.

The new engine house near the Portsmouth Station is nearly finished and the old power house is being torn down. On its site is to be erected a three-story brick building 850 feet long by 135 feet wide, in which the bricklayers are to be prepared which will make the coal suitable for domestic use. Something over two hundred men are now employed by the company, which number will be increased to five hundred as soon as the buildings are completed in which they can be housed.

Altogether there appears to be the making of a large enterprise which will be of great value to the town of Portsmouth as well as to all this part of the State.

### Single Track Service.


The street cars in the city went back to single track operation for a few hours on Wednesday and Thursday. Owing to a spreading rail on the easterly track near Equality park Wednesday afternoon, it was decided to abandon the use of that track until repairs could be made. In consequence both incoming and outgoing cars used the tracks of the Providence road from the Equality park switch to the Bliss road switch. Flagmen were put into service at each end of this stretch and gave the signals for the cars to proceed. A track gang was put to work as soon as possible, and one rail was taken out and a new one put in its place. By Thursday afternoon the regular use of the two tracks was resumed.

The easterly track from Lake's corner north has been in bad shape for some time and the temporary repairs that have been made each year do not seem to help much. It is a bad piece of land there to lay a track, as it is very wet and there is a poor foundation.

The completion of the new barracks at Fort Greble by Contractor McCormick has made that post much more habitable, the new quarters being up to date in every way, having cost the Government \$50,000. The building will accommodate two companies of coast artillery and with this addition Fort Greble will now become a three-company post. For the present, however, the new barracks will house but one company, though in the near future, it is said, a company will be transferred from Fort Adams to this isolated post on Dutch Island.

Mr. Angus McLeod has gone South for the benefit of his health. He was accompanied by his daughter and they will be away from Newport several weeks.

The total receipts from the sale of the Red Cross stamps in Newport at Christmas time was \$461.91.



# The Riverman

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By  
**Stewart  
Edward White**

## Chapter 6

NEWMARK followed the thirty-three days' work of the log drive with great interest. Gradually the men got used to him and ceased to treat him as an outsider. The drive went down as far as Redding in thirty-three days. The men worked fourteen and sixteen hours at times. Several bad jams relieved the monotony. Problems of unmanageable jams were solved on the spot. Orde solved them by a rough and ready rule of thumb. He built structures which would have furnished a winter's discussion to some committees, just as the loggers had built through a rough country hundreds of miles of road better than railroad grade and smooth as a ramp. The quarter of which would have occupied the average country board of supervisors for five years. The drive was to be delivered at the homes of Morrison and Dally above the city of Redding, a thriving place of about 30,000 inhabitants situated on a long, rapids, forty miles from Lake Michigan.

The last camp was made six or eight miles above the mill. A good proportion of the rivermen, eager for the town, tramped down the road, to return early in the morning more or less drunk. One or two did not return.

Among the revelers was the cook, Charlie, commonly called "the doctor," and he moped about disconsolately. In the evening he looked so much like a chicken with the pin that Orde's attention was attracted.

"Got that dark brown taste, Charlie?" he inquired, with mock solicitude.

"I tell you I only had two glasses of beer!" cried Charlie, pouting.

"Then why this joyless demeanor?" begged Orde.

Charlie grumbled fiercely. Inarticulate, but Johnny Challen interposed with a chuckle of enjoyment.

"He got 'bunked'."

"Tell us," cried Orde delightedly.

"It was down at McNell's place," explained Johnny Challen. "They was a couple of sports there who throwed out three cards back up on the table and bet you couldn't pick the jack."



Hold up the jack of hearts. They showed you where the jack was before they throwed, and it surely looked like a picnic, but it wasn't."

"Three card monte," said Newmark.

"How much?" asked Stimm.

"About \$50," replied the boy.

Orde turned on the disgruntled cook.

"And you had fifty in your turkey camping with this outfit of hard citizens?" he cried. "You ought to lose it."

Johnny Challen was explaining to his companions exactly how the game was played.

At this point Newmark broke into the discussion.

"Have you a pack of cards?" he asked in his dry, lustre manner.

An old deck was produced.

Newmark cleared a cracker box of drying socks and drew it to him.

"These three are the cards," he said, speaking rapidly. "There is the jack of hearts. I pass my hands—so. Pick the jack, one of you, he challenged. "Any of you," he urged. "You, Nolan." The foreman leaned forward and rather hesitatingly hid a blunt forefinger on one of the cards. It was the ten of spades. "Let me try," interposed Tim Nolan. "I bet I can pick her."

"Oh, yes, you bet!" shrugged Newmark. "And that's where the card sharps get you follows every time." He deftly flipped the cards.

Nolan, who had watched keenly, indicated one without hesitation. Again it proved to be the ten of spades.

Everybody was ambitious, and the young man, with inexhaustible patience, threw out the cards, the corners of his mouth twitching sardonically at each wrong guess. At length he called a halt. "By this time I'd have had all your money," he pointed out. "Now I'll pick the jack." He made his swift passes and distributed the cards. Then, quite calmly, without disturbing the three on the cracker box, he held up the jack of hearts.

An exclamation broke from the group. Nolan leaned forward and turned over the three on the board. They were the eight of diamonds and two tens of spades.

"That's how the thing is worked," announced Newmark. "Once in a while

## Chapter 7

ABOUT a dozen of the crew appeared to the evening to go with Orde. They got out up the long reach of Water street their steel calks biting deep into the pitted board walks.

For nearly a mile the street was flanked solely by lumber yards, small mills and factories. Then came a strip of unimproved land, followed immediately by the wooden, ramshackle structures of Hell's Half Mile.

As yet the season was too early for much joy along Hell's Half Mile. Orde's little crew and the forty or fifty men of the drive that had preceded him constituted the rank and file at that moment in town. A little later, when all the drives on the river should be in and those of its tributaries and the men still lingering at the woods camps, at least 500 woods weary men would be turned loose. Then Hell's Half Mile would awaken to earnest from its hibernation. The lights would blaze from day to day. From its open windows would blare the music, the cries of men and women, the shuffle of feet, the noise of fighting, the shrieks of wild laughter, voices deep and frank and unashamed, songs broken and interrupted. Crews of men, arms locked, would surge up and down the narrow sidewalks, their little felt hats cocked one side, their heads back, their fearless eyes challenging the devil and all his works—and getting the challenge accepted. Girls would sit across the lit windows like shadows before dimes or stand in the doorways hailing the men fortly by name.

Tonight, however, the street was comparatively quiet. The saloons were of modified illumination. The barkeepers were listlessly wiping the bars. The "pretty walter girls" gossiped with each other and yawned behind their hands.

In the middle of the third block Orde wheeled sharp to the left down a dark and dangerous looking alley. Another turn to the right brought him into a very narrow street where stood a three story wooden structure into which led a high arched entrance. This was McNell's.

A figure detached itself from the shadow. Orde uttered an exclamation.

"You here, Newmark?" he cried.

"Yes," replied that young man. "I want to see this through."

"With these clothes?" marveled Orde. "It's a wonder some of these thugs haven't held you up long ago. It's dangerous. You're likely to get slugged."

"I can stand it if you can," returned Newmark.

McNell's lower story was given over entirely to drinking. The second floor was a theater and the third a dance hall. Beneath the building were still river depths. From this basement the riverman and the shanty boy generally graduated penniless and perhaps unconscious to the street. Now, your lumberjack did not customarily arrive at this stage without lively doings en route; therefore McNell's maintained a force of fighters. They were burly, sullen men, but strong in their experience and their discipline. To be sure, they might not last quite as long as their antagonists could, but they always lasted plenty long enough. Sand bags and brass knuckles helped some and team work finished the job.

Orde and his men entered the lower hall as though sauntering in without definite aim. The river boss wandered



## Chapter 8

ABOUT with the rest, a wide, good natured smile on his face. Presently he found himself at the table of the three card monte men. The rest of his party gravitated in his direction.

"Do you think you could pick out the jack when I throw these out like this?" asked the dealer.

"Sure! She's that one!"

"Well," exclaimed the gambler, "dashed if you don't! I bet you \$5 you can't do it!"

Again Orde was permitted to pick up the jack.

"You've got the best eye that's been in this place since I got here," exclaimed the dealer. "Here, Dennis," said he to his partner. "You try him." Dennis obligingly took the cards and lost. By this time the men, augmented by the idlers, had drawn close.

Whether it was that the gamblers sensed the fact that Orde might be led to plunge or whether they were using



"Sure! She's that one!"

him to draw the crowd into their game it would be difficult to say, but twice more they permitted him to win.

Newmark plucked his sleeve.

"You're \$20 ahead," he muttered.

"Quit it."

"What limit do you put on this game anyway?" asked Orde.

"How much do you want to bet?"

"Would you stand for \$500?" asked Orde.

The gambler pretended to deliberate, his cool, shifty eyes running over the group before him. A small door immediately behind him swung slowly ajar an inch or so.

"Got the money?" he asked.

"Have you?" countered Orde.

The man nodded. "I'll go you, bab," said he. "Lay out your money."

Orde counted out nine fifty-dollar bills and five tens.

"All right," said the gambler, taking up the cards.

"Hold on!" cried Orde. "Where's your four?"

"Oh, that's all right," the gambler reassured him. "I'm with the house. McNell's credit is good."

"I'm putting up my good money, and I expect to see good money put up in return," said Orde.

Finally the gamblers yielded and put up the money.

The audience now consisted of the dozen of Orde's friends, nearly twice as many rivermen, eight hangers-on of the job, probably fighters and "bouncers," half a dozen professional gamblers and several waitresses. The four barkeepers still held their positions. The rivermen were scattered back of Orde, although Orde's own friends had gathered at his shoulder. The mercenaries and gamblers had divided and flanked the table at either side. Newmark, a growing wonder and disgust creeping into his usually unexpressive face, recognized the strategic advantage of this arrangement. A determined push would separate the rivermen from the gamblers long enough for the latter to disappear through the small door at the back.

A gasp of anticipation went up as coolly the gambler made his passes. Orde planted his great red fist on one of the cards.

"That is the jack!" he cried.

"Oh, is it?" sneered the dealer.

"Well, turn it over and let's see."

"No!" roared Orde. "You turn over the other two!"

A low oath broke from the gambler, and his face contorted in a spasm. For a moment the situation was tense and threatening. The dealer, with a sweeping glance, again searched the faces of those before him. In that moment probably he made up his mind that an open scandal must be avoided. Force and broken bones, even murder, might be all right enough under color of right. If Orde had turned up for a jack the card on which he now held his fist and then had attempted to prove cheating a cry of robbery and a lively fight would have given opportunity for making way with the stakes. But McNell's could not afford to be shown up before thirty interested rivermen as running an open and shut brace game.

"That isn't the way this game is played," said the gambler. "Show up your jack."

"It's the way I play it," replied Orde sternly. "These gentlemen heard the bet." He reached over and dexterously flipped over the other two cards. "You see, neither of these is the jack. This must be."

"You win," assented the gambler after a pause.

Orde, his fist still on the third card, began pocketing the stakes with the other hand. The gambler reached across the table.

"Give me the other card," said he.

Orde picked it up, laughing. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, holding the bit of pasteboard tantalizingly outstretched, as though he was going to turn also this one face up. Then quite deliberately he handed the card to the gambler.

"All to the bar!" yelled Orde.

Orde poured his drink on the floor and took the glass belonging to the man next him.

"Get them to give you another, Tim," said he. "No knockout drops if I can help it."

"Tim," said Orde, low voiced, "get the crowd together and we'll pull out. I've a thousand dollars on me, and they'll sandbag me sure if I go alone. And let's get out right off."

## Chapter 9

JACK ORDE was the youngest and most energetic of a large family that had long since scattered to diverse cities and industries. He and Grandpa and Grandma Orde dwelt now in the big, echoing, old fashioned house alone save for one maid. Grandpa Orde, now above sixty, was tall, straight, slender. His hair was full white and worn a little long. His features were finely chiseled. Grandpa Orde had been a mighty breaker of the wilderness, but his time had passed, and he had fallen upon somewhat straitened ways. Grandma Orde, on the other hand, was a very small, spry old lady, with a small face, a small figure, small hands and feet. She dressed in the then usual cap and black silk of old ladies. Half her time she spent at her housekeeping, which she loved, flinging about from cellar to attic storeroom, seeing that Amanda, the maid, had everything in order.

To these people Orde came direct from the greatness of the wilderness and the ferocity of Hell's Half Mile. Such contrasts were possible even ten or fifteen years ago. The untamed country lay at the doors of the most modern civilization.

Newmark, reappearing one Sunday afternoon at the end of the two weeks, was apparently bothered. He examined the Orde place for some moments, walked on beyond it. Finding nothing there, he returned and after some hesitation turned in up the far sidewalk and pulled at the old fashioned wire bell pull. Grandma Orde herself answered the door.

Newmark took off his gray felt hat.

"Will you kindly tell me, where Mr. Orde lives?"

"This is Mr. Orde's," replied the little old lady.

"Pardon me," persisted Newmark. "I am looking for Mr. Jack Orde. I am sorry to have troubled you."

"Mr. Jack Orde lives here," returned Grandma Orde. "He is my son. Would you like to see him?"

"If you please," assented Newmark gravely, his thin, shrewd face masking itself with its usual expression of quizzical cynicism.

Newmark entered the cool, dusky interior and was shown to the left into a dim, long room. He perched on a mahogany chair and had time to notice a bookcase with a white owl atop, an old piano, with the yellowing keys, haircloth sofa and chairs, steel engravings and two oil portraits when Orde appeared.

Newmark had known Orde only as riverman. Like most easterners, he was unable to imagine a man in rough clothes as being anything but a rough man. The figure he saw before him was correctly dressed, in what was then the proper Sunday costume.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Newmark!" cried Orde. "I'm glad to see you." He led the way into the hall and to another brighter room, in which Grandma Orde sat, a canary singing above her head.

"Mother," said Orde, "this is Mr. Newmark, who was with us on the drive this spring."

"Mr. Newmark and I spoke at the door," said she, extending her frail hand with dignity. "If you were on the drive, Mr. Newmark, you must have been one of the high privates in this dreadful war we all read about."

Newmark laughed. At Orde's suggestion the two passed back into the remains of the old orchard.

"Where have you been for the last couple of weeks?" asked Orde.

"I caught Johnson's drive and went on down river with him to the lake. I do not like the life at all, but the drive interested me. It interested me so much that I've come back to talk to you about it. I'm going to ask you a few questions about yourself."

"Oh, I'm not bashful about my career!" laughed Orde.

"How old are you?" inquired Newmark abruptly.

"Thirty."

"How long have you been log driving?"

"About six years."

"Why did you go into it?"

"Because there's nothing ahead of shoveling but dirt," Orde replied, with a quaint grin.

"I see," said Newmark after a pause. "Then you think there's more future to that sort of thing than the sort of thing the rest of your friends go in for—law and wholesale groceries and banking and the rest of it?"

"There is for me," replied Orde simply.

"Yet you're merely river driving on a salary at thirty?"

Orde dashed slowly and shifted his position.

"I'm not asking all this out of idle curiosity. I've got a scheme in my head that I think may work out big for us both."

"Well," assented Orde reservedly. "In that case I'm foreman on this drive because my outfit went kepunk two years ago, and I'm making a fresh go at it."

"Failed?" inquired Newmark.

"Partner skiddaddled," replied Orde.

## Chapter 10

"Now, suppose you tell me what the devil you're driving at."

"Look here," said Newmark, abruptly changing the subject. "You know that rapids up river flanked by shadows, where the logs are always going around?"

"I do."

"Well, why wouldn't it help to put a string of piers down both sides, with booms between them to hold the logs in the deeper water?"

"It would," said Orde.

"Why isn't it done, then?"

"Who would do it?" countered Orde.

"If I did it, for instance, then all the rest of the drivers would get the advantage of it for nothing."

"Get them to pay their share."

Orde grinned. "I'd like to see you get any three men to agree to anything on this river."

"How many firms drive logs on this stream?"

"Ten," replied Orde without hesitation.

"How many do they employ?"

"About 500 men."

"Now, suppose"—Newmark leaned forward—"suppose a firm should be organized to drive all the logs on the river. Suppose it improved the river with piers and dams, so that the driving would be easier. Couldn't it drive with less than 500 men and save money?"

"It might," agreed Orde.

"If such a firm should be organized to drive the logs for these ten firms at so much a thousand, do you suppose it would get the business?"

"It would depend on the driving firm," said Orde. "You see, mill men have got to have their logs. They can't afford to take chances. It would not pay."

"Then that's all right," agreed Newmark, with a gleam of satisfaction across his thin face. "Would you form a partnership with me having such an object in view?"

Orde laughed.

"I guess you don't realize the situation," said he. "We'd have to have a few little things like distributing booms and tugs and a lot of tools and supplies and works of various kinds."

"Well, we'd get them."

"How much are you worth?" Orde inquired bluntly.

"Twenty thousand dollars. How much capital would we have to have?" asked Newmark.

Orde thought for several minutes.

"We would need somewhere near \$75,000," he estimated at last.

"That's easy," cried Newmark. "We'll make a stock company—say 100,000 shares. We'll keep just enough between us to control the company—say 51,000. I'll put in my pile, and you can pay for yours out of the earnings of the company."

"That doesn't sound fair."

"You pay interest," explained Newmark. "Then we'll sell the rest of the stock to raise the rest of the money."

"I must have something to live on," said Orde thoughtfully at last.

"So must I," said Newmark. "We'll have to pay ourselves salaries, of course, but the smaller the better at first. You'll have to take charge of the men and the work and all the rest of it. I don't know anything about that. I'll attend to the incorporating and the routine, and I'll try to place the stock. You'll have to see first of all whether you can get contracts from the logging firms to drive the logs."

"How can I tell what to charge them?"

"We'll have to figure that very closely. You know where these different drives would start from and how long each of them would take?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, then we'll figure how many days' driving there is for each, and how many men there are, and what it costs for wages, grub, tools. We'll just have to figure as near as we can to the actual cost and then add a margin for profit and for interest on our investment."

Amanda now announced dinner.

Newmark looked puzzled and as he arose glanced surreptitiously at his watch. Orde seemed to take the summons as one to be expected, however. In fact, the strange hour was the usual Sunday custom in the Redding of that day and had to do with the late church freedom of Amanda and her like.

"Come in and eat with us," invited Orde.

But Newmark declined.

"Come up tomorrow night, then, at half past 6 for supper," Orde urged him. "We can figure on these things a little."

## Chapter 11

"I THINK I'll go see Jane Hubbard this evening," Orde remarked to his mother as he arose from the table.

"Every Sunday Jane Hubbard offered to all who came a 'Sunday night lunch,' and the refreshments were served by the guests themselves. Orde found about the usual crowd gathered. Jane herself, tall, deliberate in movement and in speech, kindly and thoughtful, talked in a corner with Ernest Colburn, who was just out of college and who worked in a bank. Orde, standing in the doorway, looked upon quite the usual thing, only he missed the Incubus. Searching the room with his eyes, he at length discovered that Incubus, desiccated, but persistent youth vis-a-vis with a stranger. Orde made out the white of her gown in the shadows, the willowy outline of her small and slender figure and the graceful forward bend of her head.

"So you're back at last, are you, Jack?" drawled Jane in her lazy, good natured way. "Come and meet Miss Bishop. Carroll, I want to present Mr. Orde."

## Chapter 12

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## THE RIVERMAN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Orde bowed ceremoniously. The girl looked gracefully her small head with the glossy hair. The Incubus, his sallow face twisted in a way which showed the edge of his chair with characteristic perturbation.

"Well, Walter," Orde addressed him generally, "are you having a good time?"

"Yes, indeed!"

His chair was planted squarely to include all others. Orde surveyed the situation with good humor.

"Going to keep the other fellow from getting a chance, I see."

"Yes, indeed!"

Orde bent over and, with great ease, lifted Incubus, chair and all, and set him facing Mignonette Smith and the croquet ball.

"Here, Mignonette," said he, "I've brought you another assistant."

He returned to the lamp to find the girl, her dark eyes alight with amusement, watching him intently.

"Walter is a very bright man in his own line," said Orde, swinging forward a chair, "but he mustn't be allowed any monopolies."

"How do you know I want him so summarily removed?" the girl asked him.

"Well," argued Orde, "I got him to say all he ever says to any girl. 'Yes, indeed!' so you couldn't have any more conversation from him. Besides, I want to talk to you myself."

"Do you always get what you want?" inquired the girl.

Orde laughed.

"Any one can get anything he wants if only he wants it bad enough," he asserted.

"Some people," she amended. "However, I forgive you. I will even enter you by saying I am glad you came. You look to have reached the age of discretion. I venture to say that these boys' idea of a 'lively evening' is to throw bread about the table."

Orde pushed a little. "The last time he had supper at Jane Hubbard's that was exactly what they did do."

"They are young, of course," he said, "and you and I are very old and wise."

"Now, tell me, what do you do?"

"What do I do?" asked Orde, puzzled.

"Yes. Everybody does something out west here."

"I'm a river driver just now."

"A river driver?" she repeated.

"Why, I've just been hearing a great deal about you from Mrs. Bagges."

"Oh!" said Orde. "Then you know what a drunken, swearing, worthless lot of toughs we are, don't you?"

"There is Nell's half mile," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes," said Orde bitterly, "there's Nell's half mile! Whose fault is that? My rivermen—my boys? Look here! I suppose you couldn't understand it if you tried a month. But suppose you were working out in the woods nine months of the year. Suppose you slept in rough blankets on the ground or in bunks, ate rough food, never saw a woman or a book, undertook work to scare your city men up a tree, risked your life a dozen times a week in a tangle of logs, with the big river roaring behind just waiting to swallow you; saw nothing but woods and river, were cold and hungry and yet and so tired you couldn't wiggle. And then suppose you hit town, where there were all the things you hadn't had, and the first thing you struck was Nell's half mile. Say, you're seen water behind a jam, haven't you? Water power's a good thing in a mill course, where it has wheels to turn, but behind a jam it just rips things. Oh, what's the use talking? A girl doesn't know what it means. She couldn't understand."

"I think I begin to understand a little," said she softly. "But they are a heartless class in spite of all their courage, aren't they?"

"Heartless!" exploded Orde. "There's no kinder lot of men on earth. There isn't a man on that river who doesn't chip in five or ten dollars when a man is hurt or killed, and that means three or four days' hard work for him. And he may not know or like the injured man at all. Why?"

"What's all the excitement?" drawled Jane Hubbard behind them. "Can't you make it a to be continued in our next? We're most starved."

"Yes, indeed!" chimed the Incubus. The company trooped out to the dining room, where the table, spread with all the good things, awaited them.

To Orde's relief no one threw any bread, although the whole-hearted fun grew boisterous enough before the close of the meal.

In spite of her half scornful references to "bread throwing" Miss Bishop joined with evident pleasure in the banjoing.

After the meal was finished Orde, with determination, made his way to Miss Bishop's side. She turned to the piano, struck a few chords, and then, her long hands wandering idly and softly up and down the keys, she smiled at them over her shoulder.

Song followed song, at first quickly, then at longer intervals. The girl still sat at the piano, her head thrown back idly, her hands wandering softly in and out of melodies and modulations.

"Come along, Maria!" said the old duke. "We're discovered!" And he immediately walked out with the duchess and never showed his face inside the church again.—London Letter.

Gave It Back.

Mrs. A. (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. Mrs. B.—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Boston Transcript.

He Wondered.

Indignant Customer—I want to return this jewel box. It's not ivory, as represented. Dealer (musingly)—Now, I wonder if it can be possible that elephant had false teeth.—Cleveland Leader.

There was a certain old duke who used to sit up in the left hand gallery with his duchess, believing himself to be incog. One Sunday a too officious steward, on seeing the old nobleman take a back seat, hurried up to him and said, "Will not your grace have a better seat?"

"Come along, Maria!" said the old duke. "We're discovered!" And he immediately walked out with the duchess and never showed his face inside the church again.—London Letter.

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"Come along, Maria!" said the old duke. "We're discovered!" And he immediately walked out with the duchess and never showed his face inside the church again.—London Letter.

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mer of her white figure and the white outline of her head and throat. At last her hands fell in her lap. She sat looking straight ahead of her.

Orde came to her.

"That was a wonderfully beautiful thing," said he. "What was it?"

She turned to him, and he saw that the mocking had gone from her eyes and mouth, leaving them quite simple, like a child's.

He hesitated and stammered awkwardly. "It was so still and soothing it made me think of the river sometimes about dusk. What was it?"

"It wasn't anything. I was improvising."

"You made it up yourself?"

"It was myself, I suppose. I love to build myself a garden and wander on until I lose myself in it. I'm glad there was a river in the garden—a nice, still, twilight river."

"At this moment the outside door opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, who had, according to their usual Sunday custom, been spending the evening with a neighbor. The company began to break up."

Orde pushed his broad shoulders in to screen Carroll Bishop from the others.

"Are you staying here?" he asked.

"I'm visiting Jane."

"Are you going to be here long?" was Orde's next question.

"About a month."

"I am coming to see you," announced Orde. "Good night."

He took her hand, dropped it and followed the others into the hall, leaving her standing by the lamp. She watched him until the outer door had closed behind him. Jane Hubbard, returning after a moment from the hall, found her at the piano again, her head slightly one side, playing with painful and accurate exactness a simple one finger melody.

Reaching his home, Orde walked confidently to the narrow stairs and ascended them. Subconsciously he avoided the creaking step, but outside his mother's door he stopped, arrested by a greeting from within.

"That you, Jack?" queried Grandma Orde.

"For answer Orde entered. He made out the great square bed and divided the tiny figure of his mother.

"Mother," said he abruptly, "I've met the girl I want for my wife."

Grandma Orde sat up in bed.

"Who is she?" she demanded.

"Her name is Carroll Bishop," said Orde, "and she's visiting Jane Hubbard."

"Yes, but who is she?" insisted Grandma Orde. "Where is she from?"

Orde stared at her in the dim light.

"Why, mother, best if I know that?"

"No," said Orde. "We hadn't thought of doing more than the driving and distributing. You'll have to deliver the logs in the river. Maybe another year, after we get better organized, we'll be able to break railways."

"That was smooth enough sailing," exulted Orde to Newmark.

"Yes," pondered Newmark. "What was that about railways? What does that mean exactly?"

"Why," explained Orde, with a slight stare of surprise, "when the logs are cut and hauled during the winter they are banked on the river banks and even in the river channel itself. Then, when the thaws come in the spring, these piles are broken down and set afloat in the river."

"I see," said Newmark. "Well, but why shouldn't we undertake that part of it?"

"It would hold back our drive too much to stop and break railways."

The next morning they took the early train for Monrovia, where were situated the offices of the nine other lumber companies.

Orde separated from Newmark to spend the rest of the morning with Helmsman, a very reticent, cautious person of German extraction and accent. Helmsman occupied the time in asking questions of all sorts about the new enterprise. At 12 he had not in any way committed himself nor expressed an opinion.

"I will see Proctor," said he.

Orde, rather exhausted, returned to find Newmark. The two had lunch together, after which Orde succeeded in getting two more promises of contracts and two more deferred interviews.

The following morning also he was much encouraged by the reception of his plan.

"That's four contracts already," said he, "and three more practically a sure thing. Proctor and Helmsman are slower than molasses about everything and mean as pusley, and Johnson's up in the air, the way he always is, for fear some one's going to do him."

But Helmsman offered a new problem for Orde's consideration.

"I had talked with Proctor," said he, "and we like your scheme. If you can deliver our logs here for \$2.25, why, that is better as we can do it, but how do we know you will do it?"

"I'll guarantee to get them here all right," laughed Orde.

"But what is your guarantee good for?" persisted Helmsman blandly. "Suppose the logs are not delivered—what then? How responsible are you financially?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars."

"If you will give a bond for the performance of your contract," pursued Helmsman, "that would be satisfactory."

Orde's mind was struck chaotic by the request.

"How much of a bond?" he asked.

"Twenty-five thousand would satisfy us," said Helmsman.

Orde hunted up Newmark.

"Helmsman has sense," said Newmark dryly after hearing Orde's story. "I was wondering if ordinary business caution was unknown out here."

"Nobody would go on my bond for that amount."

"Mine either," said Newmark. "We'll just have to let them go and drive ahead without them. I only hope they won't spread the idea. Better get those other contracts signed up as soon as we can."

Orde started out early the next morning, carrying with him duplicate contracts.

About 11 o'clock a clerk of the Welton Lumber company entered Mr. Wel-

ton's private office to deliver to Orde a note.

"This just came by special messenger," he explained.

It was from Helmsman and requested an immediate interview. Orde delayed only long enough to get Mr. Welton's signature, then hastened away.

Helmsman he found awaiting him.

"I suppose you would not be prepared to give a bond."

"I hardly think so."

"Well, suppose we fix him this way," went on Helmsman, clasping his hands over his rotund stomach and bearing through his spectacles: "Proctor and I had talked it over, and we are agreed that the proposition is a good one; also we think it is well to help the young fellows along." He laughed silently in such a manner as to shake himself all over. "We do not wish to be too severe, and yet we must get our logs on time. So if you give us a bond secured with stock in the new company that would be satisfactory to us."

Orde's face cleared.

"Do you mean that, Mr. Helmsman?"

"Sure!"

"Now, I call that a mighty good way out!" cried Orde.

"Make your contract out according to these terms, then," said Helmsman, handing him a paper, "and bring it in Monday."

Orde glanced over the slip. It recited two and a quarter as the agreed price; specified the date of delivery at Helmsman and Proctor's rooms; named \$25,000 as the amount of the bond, to be secured by \$20,000 worth of stock in the new company. This looked satisfactory.

"By the way"—the little German beamed up at him, swinging his fat legs as the office chair tipped back—"you will be selling some of the stock to raise money. Is it not so?"

"Yes," agreed Orde.

"How much will you capitalize for?"

"A hundred thousand," replied Orde.

"Well," said Helmsman, "you put it on the market come and see me."

That evening, well after 8, Orde returned to Newmark to take dinner.

"Well, I've got 'em all," said Orde as soon as the waitress had gone with the order. "But the best stroke of business you'd never guess. I roped in Helmsman."

"Good!" approved Newmark briefly.

"It was really pretty decent of the little Dutchman. He agreed to let us put up our stock as security. Of course that security is good only if we win out, and if we win out, why, then he'll get his logs, so he won't have any use for security. So it's just one way of beating the devil out of the bush. He evidently wanted to give us the business, but he hated like the devil to pass up his rules—you know how these old shellbacks are."

"I'm a yes," said Newmark.

Orde went on: "I got into your department a little too."

"How's that?" asked New





## RULES WOULD BE ABOLISHED

No Need of Them If Roosevelt  
Wields Gavel in Congress

### VIEW OF CONGRESSMAN COCKS

Representative of District in Which  
Oyster Bay Is Located Says He  
Would Step Down and Out in Favor  
of the Strenuous One—Suggestion  
That He Succeed Cannon Is Re-  
ceived With Enthusiasm

Washington, Jan. 21.—Roosevelt for speaker, to succeed Cannon, is the latest imaginative disposition of the ex-president. The story has circulated through the Capitol, and represents Roosevelt as agreeing to a plan to run for congress from the First New York district and to accept the speakership as the only public office, aside from the presidency, that appeals to his aggressive qualities.

The White House is conveniently dragged into the plot, with the suggestion that this alleged ambition of Roosevelt is known to President Taft, who is said to have promised to attend the big reception to the ex-president which will be accorded him when he arrives in New York about June 1.

The First, or Oyster Bay, district, of New York is represented by William W. Cocks, who is described as more than willing to step aside to let Roosevelt in. Cocks was one of the callers at the White House yesterday, and was in the merriest kind of mood over the report.

"It suits me first rate," said Cocks. "You know Roosevelt has been mentioned for every office in the country ever since he left Washington. This last one strikes me as being pretty good. Get out of the way? Of course I would. I would be mighty glad to go back to farming if Roosevelt wants to come to congress."

"What effect would Roosevelt as speaker have on the rules?" Cocks was asked.

"Rules," echoed Cocks, "there wouldn't be any rules if Roosevelt was speaker. What would they want with rules? Talk about Cannon; why, if Roosevelt was in the chair, you would never think Cannon had been there."

As Cocks was the innocent cause of the suggestion, made some months ago, that Roosevelt could be nominated for governor of New York, of course he is equally good authority on the speakership. As a matter of fact the ex-president is being very seriously considered for the governorship, on the theory that he is the only man who could pull the Republican party through the Empire State. His intimate friends, however, do not believe that any consideration would tempt him to touch New York politics again, except as a sort of physical director.

Now that the suggestion is made that he succeed Cannon, it has been received with a spontaneity and enthusiasm which are exceedingly interesting. That is all that can be said of the story at present.

### TRIED ELECTION BRIBERY

Delaware Republican State Chairman  
Must Serve Two Years in Jail

Wilmington, Del., Jan. 20.—John Godwin, political lieutenant of T. C. DuPont, president of the DuPont Powder company and Republican state chairman, must serve two years in jail for attempted election bribery.

The state supreme court affirmed the decision of the judges of the New Castle county court, who pronounced Godwin guilty. The accused was tried by the judges, the constitution prohibiting trials by jury in election cases.

Godwin is at liberty on \$3000 bail. His bondsmen have thirty days in which to turn him over to the sheriff.

### FAITHFUL TO MRS. EDDY

Deposed Leader Has No Intention of  
Starting Another Church

New York, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, until recently leader of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, has issued a statement denying the report that she was to start another church.

"I have no such intention," said Mrs. Stetson, "nor has such a step ever occurred to me. It is only when my loyalty to my beloved and revered leader, Mary Baker Eddy, the mother church, and to the cause of Christian Science is questioned, that I protest and ask to be heard."

### INCURABLY INSANE

Largest Man in United States Be-  
comes Inmate of an Insane Asylum

Peoria, Ill., Jan. 20.—"Baby" Biles, the largest man in the United States, a phenomenal piece of humanity, who has toured two continents on numerous occasions astride a bicycle, may spend his remaining days in an insane asylum.

The big fellow was brought to Hartsville asylum for the incurable, insane from his home in Bloomington. He weighs 535 pounds.

Suffragette Gets \$10 For Ducking  
Manchester, Eng., Jan. 21.—Mrs. Davidson, the suffragette who was drowned with water from a hose pipe in jail when she barricaded herself in a cell and refused to be fed, has recovered a verdict of \$10 against certain visiting justices. She instituted suit for \$500 damages.

### AVIATION MEET CLOSSES

Paulhan Carries Off \$19,000 in Prizes,  
While Curtiss Captures \$5000

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 21.—As dusk gathered over the old Dominguez ranch last night, four flying machines which had been circling in the air descended, the aviators walked to their tents, the great crowd fled down the roadway, and the first international aviation meet held in America was finished.

The Curtiss machines won all the prizes for speed, quick starts, perfect landings and those events where a light, swift machine showed best.

Paulhan won all the cross-country, passenger-carrying and endurance tests, having a heavier, slower machine and an engine which he trusts absolutely. Paulhan took \$19,000 in prizes and broke the world's records for altitude and cross-country flights, alone and with a passenger.

Curtiss broke no world's records and won less than \$5000 in prizes.

### FAVORS BUT THIRTY-FOUR

Bay State Health Board Finds Many  
Abattoirs Objectionable

Boston, Jan. 18.—The state board of health reports that out of 370 licensed slaughter houses there are 117 which are distinctly objectionable and only 34 that deserve commendation. The report is an argument for the recommendation made by Governor Draper in his inaugural that the inspection laws of the state be strengthened.

The board itself urges that slaughter houses be isolated; that all waste be removed; that there be running water, hot and cold; that the instruments be sterilized; that animals awaiting slaughter be not tied up in the slaughter house.

The state board of agriculture filed a report recommending that the duties of the cattle bureau be merged with those of the state board. It also wants virus for the prevention of rabies distributed.

### TAFT HAS IGNORED HIS OWN RULINGS

Never Read Insurance Policies  
He Has Taken Out

Washington, Jan. 21.—President Taft, in addressing the annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, held out no hope for the enactment of a federal law to govern the companies, and advised the executive officers to bend their efforts toward uniform legislation in the states.

"The only function that the United States can perform," said the president, "is to pass a model law in the District of Columbia and there show to the world what congress, aided possibly by a scientific commission, shall believe to be the best kind of an insurance law. I shall be very glad, in so far as any power lies in me, to encourage such action."

"I have been on the bench and at the bar and I have ruled that men must read their policies to know what they contain in order to have an understanding of what the contract is, and I am conscious of never having read any of the policies which I have taken out because I trusted the man who explained it to me."

### LIBERALS DISAPPOINTED

Indications That the Irish May Be in  
a Position to Dictate

London, Jan. 21.—Results of the latest polling have been a source of keen disappointment to the Liberal party. Their leaders reckoned on losing eight seats; whereas they lost nearly double that number.

The struggle now turns on the point whether the Liberals will be able to obtain a majority clear of the Irish. It is candidly admitted among themselves that unless they do much better today there is little prospect of this indispensable condition of their permanent retention of office being realized.

### ORDERED OUT AGAIN

Granite Cutters Return to Work, but  
Remain Only a Few Hours

Barre, Vt., Jan. 20.—With the understanding they would receive the same wages they would receive at the same wages paid Barre cutters, 125 granite cutters at Waterbury returned to work yesterday.

They were, however, obliged to leave their work later in the day upon the receipt of an order from James Duncan of Quincy, Mass., secretary of the International Granite Cutters' union, stating they must receive a specific wage scale before continuing work.

### Death of Ex-Governor Lowry

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 21.—Brigadier General Robert Lowry, twice governor of Mississippi, is dead, aged 78. At the battle of Shiloh he was wounded in a memorable charge in which the regiment lost in killed and wounded 320 out of a total of 406.

### Inquiry Will Be Thorough

Albany, Jan. 21.—That the investigation into the charges involving the integrity of Senator Allds, majority leader of the senate, will be a thorough one, was evidenced by the action of the senate in adopting a resolution providing that the inquiry be conducted by the senate itself rather than by a special committee of that body.

### French Warship Wrecked

Paris, Jan. 18.—The French sloop of war Martial has been wrecked on one of the Balearic Islands. Three of the crew were drowned.

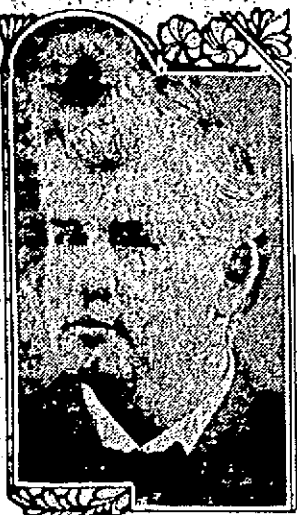
## REPUBLICANS REJECT RAINEY

Understanding Between the Two  
Parties Is Violated

### FORCED BY PRESIDENT TAFT

Battle Over Committee to Probe For-  
eignty Department Is Won by Regu-  
lars, the Insurgents Voting With  
Them in Ratifying Action of Caucus  
—Chief Executive Criticized For In-  
terfering With Choice of Democrats

Washington, Jan. 21.—With a majority of forty-five on straight party vote, with the Republican insurgents voting solidly with the Republicans, the house ratified the action of the Republican caucus in naming the full membership of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee. The committee will be composed of Representatives, Olinde of Pennsylvania, McCall of Massachusetts, Denby of Michigan and Madison of Kansas, Republicans; and James of Kentucky and Lloyd of Missouri, Democrats.



CONGRESSMAN RAINEY.

The procedure in the house was orderly; the Democrats, through Chairman Clark and Clayton of Alabama, merely making passionate, but brief, protests against the course of the Republicans in substituting Lloyd for Rainey of Illinois, the other nominee of the minority caucus, by a vote of 94 to 62.

Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin, one of a half dozen insurgents who quit the Republican caucus, explained to the house that he believed in the principle of the Democrats selecting their own members. He had told the caucus, however, that Rainey, although personally unobjectionable, had evicted on the floor a prejudice against the administration and relatives of the president which unfitted him for a place on the committee. Cooper had hoped that the Democratic caucus would be given an opportunity to select another man, but as this had not been given he would be obliged to vote against the resolution which Clayton had offered to substitute the name of Rainey for that of Lloyd.

The action of the house was rather a repudiation of Rainey, at the instance of President Taft, than a deliberate attempt to violate the understanding between the two parties, according to which each names its own men for committee membership. The Republicans would have nothing to gain by this course, while the cooler heads among the Democrats, understanding that the Republican hand was forced by the White House, are in favor of straightening out the tangle by the means suggested. Lloyd's presence on the committee, if it could be legalized, would strengthen it materially before the country, while that of James alone would weaken it.

The danger to the president which the whole situation involves is obvious. The current comment in Washington is, as hinted by Champ Clark in his speech, that the president has made a mistake in interfering at all with the choice of the Democrats.

"If nothing is wrong," said Clark, "Rainey and James couldn't find it. If anything is wrong, it should be dragged to the light of day. If the president did interfere, he is going right close to the privileges of this house."

Mr. Clark also shot a word of warning to his Republican friends across the chamber, in view of his own firm belief that he will be the next speaker. Referring to the overturning of the Democratic selections, he said:

"You are setting a very dangerous precedent. I am not a revengeful man, for I have learned that revenge is a very bad investment, but this precedent may return to plague you. We don't want anything but the truth. We would be ashamed of ourselves and the country would be ashamed of us if we looked for anything else in this investigation."

### Great Journey on Horseback

St. Petersburg, Jan. 21.—The minister of war has received a report of the arrival in Riepin of Lieutenant Shibuski after a trial ride of 2403 miles without change of horses. Both horse and rider finished in excellent condition.

### Bankers Accused of Perjury

Cleveland, Jan. 21.—U. G. Walker, president, and W. D. Duncan, secretary of the South Cleveland Banking company, which recently failed for more than \$1,000,000, were indicted by the grand jury, charged with perjury.

### TIED OF BEING CHASED

Ex-Valet of Murdered Millionaire Rice  
May Dispel Deep Mystery

New Orleans, Jan. 21.—Relatives of Albert T. Patrick, the New York lawyer, who is confined in Sing Sing prison for the murder of William M. Rice, have secured a promise from Charles F. Jones, Rice's former valet, who has turned up here after having been missing for three years, that he will go back to New York and give evidence which it is believed may open up a way for the release of Patrick.

Several times reported dead, Jones appeared here a few days ago, and went to the house of a friend, whom he told he was tired of being chased around the world. He declared that he had returned for the purpose of making a clean breast of it and settling the whole affair.

The testimony of Jones at the trial went a long way toward securing Patrick's conviction.

### SLAIN WITH AN AXE

Two Women and a Man Found Mur-  
dered in a New York Flat

New York, Jan. 21.—Triple murder was revealed in an obscure flat in the heart of New York's East Side. Two women and a man were the victims.

Gagged with silk handkerchiefs and with their heads crushed with a hammer or an axe, they were left bleeding on the floor, with a whimpering bull terrier as companion for the dead. Robbery was the motive, or else, the police say, it is another case of the Black Hand.

Salvatore Scarpone, a well-to-do young Italian barber, his wife and a middle-aged woman, believed to have been Mrs. Scarpone's mother, were the unfortunate victims.

The police are convinced that more than one person took part in the murder, but there is no direct clue to the murderers.

### STORROW'S FIGHT COST HIM \$103,250

And He Was Not Elected Mayor  
of Boston, at That

Boston, Jan. 20.—It cost James J. Storrow just \$103,250 or more than \$2 for each vote he received to make the fight for mayor in the recent campaign, according to a sworn statement filed for him with the city clerk. The amount of expenditures acknowledged by Storrow is about \$70,000 greater than that ever before embodied in a similar statement of a candidate for office in this city.

### VERDICT IS REITERATED

Not the Slightest Proof of Reaching  
Pole Was Submitted by Cook

Copenhagen, Jan. 20.—The committee of the university of Copenhagen has completed its examination of Dr. Frederick A. Cook's original notes and confirmed its previous conclusions that not the slightest proof that the explorer reached the North Pole had been submitted.

The committee finds that the copy of Cook's data upon which its previous decision was based conforms in the main to the original notebook now in its possession.

## CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

When 68 Years Old Eye-Balls and  
Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—  
Was Unable to Go About—Home  
Remedies and Professional Treat-  
ment were Equally Unsuccessful.

### TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1903."

## SKINS ON FIRE

With Torturing, Disfiguring  
Eczemas, Rashes

And other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap. To cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest and sweetest of emollients, to soothe and heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), to purify the blood, and to rid the body of the itching humors, may be used from the hour of birth.

Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), are sold everywhere. For a full description of the disease, see the book "The Skin and Scalp," by Dr. J. C. Clark, M.D., New York, N.Y., 1903. Price, 10 cents. Sent free on request.

## Under the Same Laws.

The Savings Department of a TRUST COMPANY is under the same laws as a SAVINGS BANK, with the same privileges, restrictions, and examinations as provided in the new Banking Law of this State.

We Solicit Your Business  
**INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY**  
NEWPORT BRANCH  
303 Thames Street.

## FOR CHRISTMAS!

We Have an Assortment of  
**JIG-SAW PUZZLES**  
IN OUR WINDOW,  
MARKED DOWN TO LESS THAN HALF PRICE.  
Broadway Postal Station,  
174 BROADWAY.  
S. S. THOMPSON.

## SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street  
Great Bargain Sale From Now On In

## MILLINERY

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF  
Fall and Winter Goods  
TO BE SOLD FAR BELOW COST.

Ladies will do well to call and see the bargains we are offering.

Choice Selection of Millinery.

## CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

## F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, or your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on old Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. I am optician repairing of all kinds. Consult practitioners given personal attention.

113 SPRING STREET.

Apply to CORNELIUS MARIARTY, Prop'r.

## Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

**BLOCK ISLAND.**

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

## SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

NEW

AND

**T. Mumford Seabury**

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

Improved Varieties

OF

**VEGETABLE SEEDS**

FOR SALE BY:

**Fernando Barker.**

"Were you ever arrested before?" asked the magistrate whose principal business is imposing fines for speeding. "What do you think I've been doing all these years?" asked the chauffeur, "pushing a wheelbarrow?"—Washington Star.

Every man is punished for growing old, as though it were his fault.

## Home Course In Domestic Science

### I.—The Scope of Domestic Science.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,  
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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THE purpose of this series of articles will be an attempt to show the direct relation between domestic science and ordinary affairs in the life of either men or women. Too many people have conceived the idea that domestic science chiefly concerns those people who have more time for theorizing than for actual work. These think the subject deals largely with air castles of the Hellenic style of architecture and contains little real help for present day housekeepers. There are some who still hold the opinion that such is the meaning and scope of domestic science, but their number is rapidly decreasing on account of the introduction of the study of scientific homemaking into public schools, high schools and colleges. To be an aid to housekeepers who cannot take advantage of these courses of study as prescribed in schools and colleges is the aim of this series of talks.

One of the chief purposes of domestic science is to teach men and women how to live rightly, how to use material things in such a way as to get the highest good, the best results, from them. The science concerns men quite as much as women, and it means much more than the commonly accepted idea that it has most to do with cooking and eating and washing dishes. These things are of course included in the study and, I assure you, that even these exceedingly common affairs of life are deserving of a higher place in the wonderful process of living than is usually accorded them.

Life is a serious business, and nothing which pertains to it is either a joke or a trifle. Therefore anything which helps to give even the common-



EDITH G. CHARLTON

The selection of food for the table in order that it may be truly nourishing and may yield the necessary material for growth is one of woman's greatest tasks. To be the maker of a home from which strong men and women shall go forth to build and keep a nation powerful and united is the highest task given to human beings. This is woman's true work. Is she honestly equipped and trained for it?

The Task of Homemaking. Woman's share in the well being of the family demands not only an intelligent knowledge of the principles of her work, but also interest and enthusiasm in it. To be a really successful housekeeper a woman must be an enthusiastic housekeeper. Very few, if any, men have achieved success in any work to which they have given only part of their thought and a begrudging share of their enthusiasm. I believe that the largest per cent of unsuccessful housekeepers is always found among the women who are either doing their work ignorantly and according to somebody's tradition or because their interest and enthusiasm are given to some other person's work. Why is the opinion so general among both men and women that housekeeping requires a little less intelligence than almost any other kind of work? Why is it that the most incompetent person is the one who generally offers her services in domestic work? "She would do better in some one's kitchen" is the remark very often made of the unsuccessful woman.

#### What a Housekeeper Should Know.

It requires just as much brains to keep a house as it should be kept as it does to perform any other kind of work. It requires just as much knowledge and energy to make a home which truly fulfills all the term implies as it does to engage in any other industry. And no other work demands quite as much of the whole hearted interest, the real person, as does homemaking. One good reason why there are so many indifferently managed homes is because housekeeping in general has not as yet been put on the same plane as other industries. One reason why so many women are needlessly wearing themselves out in their task of providing food and shelter for their families is because of lack of knowledge of the fundamental principles of their work. Lack of training and practical education is responsible for many housekeeping failures. A woman said to me: "I cook for my family because I must, not because I have any interest in the art, for I thoroughly dislike it." "Are you a good cook?" I said. "No, I am not," was the answer. "If I am ever successful it is due to luck more than skill, because I really know nothing about the science of it, and, after years of experience, I simply can't get interested in it." Unless this woman is quite unlike the rest of humanity, her dislike can be traced to her failure, for no one dislikes to do that which he can do really well—just a little better perhaps than any one else. The woman who finds pleasure in making bread is generally the woman who has won the blue ribbon at the county fair and who has a reputation for being the best breadmaker in the township. She knows something about yeast and flour, understands the proper temperature for breadmaking, and finds her task a pleasure because she has had sufficient interest in it to become familiar with its science.

The housekeeper's work, if properly performed, gives regular exercise to all her faculties. If she understands, as she should, the effect of heat and cold upon food materials, upon liquids and solids, she will have a working knowledge of physics. If she knows something about digestion and personal hygiene she will not be a stranger to the study of physiology. Her intelligent handling of acids, alkalis and the treatment of the different fabrics in the laundry will necessitate a familiarity with chemistry. If she understands the scientific side of canning and preserving and the preservation of food by other methods, as well as the processes of cheesemaking, sterilizing, etc., she will be on familiar terms with household bacteriology. If she does not understand these simple truths, so closely related to her work, ignorance of them naturally presupposes working in the dark.

#### The Well Rounded Life.

The aim of life should not be to spend all the effort of our days in working simply to satisfy the physical needs of the body without any thought for mental development. True it is that a sound mind is usually found in a sound body, but it is also true that an empty head, like an empty stomach, is equally susceptible to poison. Where all thought and effort are given to acquiring wealth, winning social or political position without taking into account the other side of life—the side which means the right attitude toward the world, our neighbors and ourselves—a great deal of true living has been overlooked and missed.

#### Making Sure.

Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm—"I'm theokin' sir, I'll just tack yer fare. There's no sayin' what might happen ta us—")  
London Punch.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.—Pillay.

## Home Course In Domestic Science

### II.—Selection of Food.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,  
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THE wise selection of food, to suit the individual needs of each member of the family, requires the consideration of at least three questions:

1. Is the food nutritious?
2. Is the food comparatively easy to digest?
3. Is the food reasonable in cost?

The subject is so important that it should engage the heart and head as well as the hand of the woman who presides over a family. It is sufficiently important, too, to demand some thought from every individual who values his good health and general well being. It has been frequently stated by physicians and philanthropists that three-fourths of the sickness in the world, one-half the drunkenness and a large percentage of the crime have had their beginning and their cause in poor food and bad cooking. This being the case, can there be any topic of greater value for our lesson this week than the very old question, "What shall we eat?"

First I should like to impress upon my readers that "we eat to live" rather than "live to eat"; that, while there should be genuine pleasure in the simple act of eating, this pleasure ought to be experienced when the food is of simple variety. The pleasure is a certainty when the food has been carefully and appetizingly prepared, and when hunger is a companion at the meal. The appetite, which relishes only expensive foods and foods out of season is abnormal and is certain to bring disaster to its possessor. This disaster may be an attack of rheumatism or some form of dyspepsia, or it may be a depleted bank account.

#### What Food Is.

In order to fulfill its office food must either build and repair tissue, or it must give heat and energy to the body, and it should do these things at as little unnecessary expense of physical energy as possible. According to its function all kinds of food are divided into five classes. These are the tissue building foods, the fat foods, starches and sugars, mineral matter and water. Each one of these classes has its particular duty to perform for the body and therefore has its special place on the daily bill of fare. Any food material, no matter how simple and well known or how rare, contains two or more of these five classes. A few of the standard materials contain all five classes.

For instance, what do we find in a loaf of bread? A great deal of starch and some gluten from the flour, a little fat from the flour and more if it has been added in the making, some mineral matter and about 35 per cent of water. Meat also has fat, mineral matter and a substance found in the lean part which is called proteid and which is the tissue building property of the meat. The elements which compose these different classes of food correspond with the elements in the body; hence their necessity. It is chiefly from the food which we eat that we obtain these elements which are necessary for the support of life and the functions of the body.

#### The Duty of the Five Classes.

Now that we have seen what an important place in life our daily food occupies let us endeavor to learn to which class or classes certain commonly used foods belong. The tissue building foods, or the proteid foods, are not numerous, but so important are they that life cannot be sustained for any length of time without them. This class of food has been given the name proteid, a word meaning "first" or "pre-eminent," because it alone of the five classes is able to build tissue and to repair the daily waste of the cells of the body. The proteids alone contain nitrogen, and nitrogen is one of the elements necessary to life. The following table classifies some of our common foods according to their principal constituents, also, gives their source and use in the body.

#### SOURCE AND USE OF THE CHIEF FOOD CONSTITUENTS.

	Use in the Body.
PROTEIDS	Build Tissues, Repair Daily Waste of Tissue
FATS	Give Heat and Energy, Produce Fat
CARBOHYDRATES	Give Heat and Energy, Produce Fat
MINERAL SALTS	Give Heat and Energy, Produce Fat
WATER	Give Heat and Energy, Produce Fat

The sugars and starches have been grouped under one name, carbohydrates, because both these foods contain a considerable amount of carbon, also two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, which are always present in the right proportion to form water. The special

function of this class of food is to give energy. Before energy is evolved there must be heat, but as heat producers the carbohydrates are not as valuable as fats. The latter are more than three-fourths carbon. This fact at once proves that fat in some form is the food to be eaten when heat is required. It is the food which appeals to the appetite more strongly in winter than in summer and is liked better in cold climates than in warm. If it were impossible to have both fat and sugar in the diet no great harm would result to the body for some time, because both contain the same elements and both perform the same function—namely, give heat and energy. Not so with the proteids, however, because, being the only class which contains nitrogen, no other can substitute for them.

#### Danger in Overeating.

After learning of the importance of proteid foods the first conclusion may be that they should form the greater part of the diet and should largely compose the daily bill of fare. This is a common mistake and one to be carefully avoided. The intake of food should not be greater than the needs of the body and to preserve its normal equilibrium. Too much food of any kind necessitates too much work on the organs of digestion and elimination and produces certain irregularities of the body functions. Too much proteid—that is, too liberal an allowance of meat, fish, eggs, cheese, etc., in the meals will clog the system with urea, throw too much work on the kidneys in their effort to carry off this final product in the digestion of proteid. Too much proteid in the diet induces rheumatism and similar disorders. When too much fat, or carbohydrate, is eaten it is stored up in the body as fat, and the individual finds himself putting on adipose tissue to perhaps an uncomfortable degree. There is more danger in this country from overeating than there is from lack of food, just as the engine is likely to wear out more quickly because of too hard firing than from lack of fuel.

The amount of food required to properly develop the body and keep it in normal condition depends on different conditions, such as the occupation of the individual, the age of the individual, sex, climate and personal idiosyncrasies.

The man or woman engaged in hard physical work requires more of the foods which repair tissues than does the person living a sedentary life. The amount of fresh air in which the individual lives will also determine largely the rapidly with which food will be oxidized in the body. For instance, the farmer, working in the fields, will require more nourishing food than the man who sits in his office all day. The farmer's lungs are constantly filled with fresh air, his blood is filled with oxygen. He is performing work which requires much physical energy; hence his food is rapidly burned in his body in order to yield the necessary energy, and he is hungry. He has a good appetite for hearty food, and he digests it with ease. The man of sedentary habits finds his stomach rebelling and himself in general discomfort if he attempts to follow the example of the farmer for any length of time.

#### How Much to Eat.

Occasionally we hear the question, "How much should we eat?" Yet, as a rule, the average person does not trouble himself very much on that score and eats what a pampered appetite demands rather than the amount he actually needs. Dietary specialists have found from many experiments that an average man doing average work requires each day about four and a half ounces of proteid, two ounces of fat and sixteen ounces of carbohydrate. An average woman doing the work of an average housekeeper requires a little less, probably about three ounces of proteid, one and a half ounces of fat and twelve ounces of carbohydrate. The boy fourteen to sixteen years of age requires four-fifths as much food as his father, and the boy or girl of twelve years should have half as much food as an adult. Recently certain specialists have been able to reduce the amount of proteid still lower than the above standards, which are less than those given ten or twelve years ago. But as long as the present habit of "bolting" food with insufficient mastication is common in the country it is not safe to reduce the amount of proteid to the lowest possible figure. The amount of food constituents which I have suggested can be easily obtained from standard food materials; less of these will be required if the foods are properly cooked. Just here the housekeeper's skill is called into account. No matter how nutritious and easy of digestion foods may be in their uncooked state, they may be almost, if not entirely, ruined as far as digestion and assimilation are concerned in the process of cooking.

A single portion of beefsteak, two eggs and an ounce of cheese, with milk and a little oatmeal, will furnish all the tissue building material the average man will require for one day. A half loaf of bread and a half pound of potatoes, with ordinary helping of rice and a tablespoonful of sugar will furnish the required amount of carbohydrate, and the required fat is easily obtained from the butter used on the bread, the oils in the cheese and the fat in meat. There is much more chance of too much fat being eaten with the ordinary meal than too little.

We are likely to underrate the value of water in the diet and use it too sparingly. Water is a food and a very necessary one. Its duties for the body are numerous and important. It helps to carry food to the blood, assists in carrying off the waste matters, equalizes the temperature of the body and acts as a solvent for food. Its benefits to the system are many.

#### Enlightened.

"Before I married," said Mr. Nonpeck, "I didn't know what it meant to support a wife."  
"I presume you know now."  
"Yes, indeed. I looked up the word 'support' in the dictionary and discovered that one of its meanings is 'endure'."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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### THE RIVERMAN

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE

"You say you surely can get the fish through by then?"

Orde laughed.  
"Sure! Why, it gives me two weeks' leeway over the worst possible luck I could have. You're too mighty suspicious, Joe."

Newmark shook his head.  
"You let me figure this out," said he. But beddine found him without a solution. He retired to his room under fire of Orde's good natured raillery. Orde himself shut his door, the smile still on his lips. With a sigh he fell asleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by a persistent tapping on the door. He lit the gas and admitted Newmark in his nightgown.

"Orde," said he briefly, "didn't you tell me the other day that rollways were piled both on the tanks and in the river?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Orde. "Why?"

"Then they might obstruct the river?"

"Certainly." "I thought so," cried Newmark, with a near approach to exultation as he never permitted himself. "Now, just one other thing. Aren't Hethuzian's rollways below most of the others?"

"Yes, I believe they are," said Orde.

"And, of course, it was agreed, as usual, that Hethuzian was to break out his own rollways?"

"I see," said Orde slowly. "You think he intends to delay things enough so we can't deliver on the date agreed on?"

"I know it," stated Newmark positively.

"But if he refuses to deliver the logs no court of law will."

"Law!" cried Newmark. "Refuse to deliver! You don't know that kind. He won't refuse to deliver. There'll just be a lot of inevitable delays, and his foreman will misunderstand, and all that."

Orde nodded, his eye abstracted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Tombs of Abelard and Heloise.

Of the hundreds of thousands who make a pilgrimage to Pere Lachaise on All Saints' day few doubt the authenticity of the most famous tombs. One in particular is never questioned—that of Heloise and Abelard, the story of whose unhappy love is so grandly told by Pope. This monument is the work of Alexander Leoin, the sculptor, and dates toward the end of the revolution. The tomb was built by Leoin with fragments of a chapel of the convent of the Paraclete at Nogent-sur-Marne, of which Heloise was the abbess. Leoin managed to bring some glass from the windows of the old chapel, and two medallions which adorn the tomb the sculptor purchased from a religious house in Paris. This is all that is genuine about the tomb.—London Globe.

### That Headache.

"This is such a beautiful treat," said the impetuous man at the matinee where they went on her pass, "that I want to take you to dinner afterward if my headache gets better."  
"Is your headache getting better?" she asked him, after the second act.  
"It's terrible," said he. "I can hardly see."  
After the third act she again approached the subject. "How does your headache seem to be getting?" she queried solicitously.

"Worse and worse," he frowned.

When the performance was over he held his head with both hands. "My head aches so," he moaned. "I'm afraid I'll die of it."

"I knew it," said she as they walked on home.—New York Press.

### EELS IN JAPAN.

The Restaurant Cook Catches Alive the Fish the Patron Selects.

Entering a Japanese restaurant, a guest who wishes broiled eels and rice is led to a tank of squirming fresh water eels and bidden to point out the object of his preference, says a writer in the *Delinquent*. The cook, who stands by, selects the wriggling victim of his choice, strikes its head smartly upon a wooden block and, squatting by it, grasps the creature's neck, inserts a knife in the left side of the vertebrae and dexterously runs it down to the tail, then, rapidly applying his instrument to the other side of the backbone, repeats the process, leaving the eel split open.

Then, chopping the flattened eel into three inch lengths, the pieces are plunged into boiling water to make the skin tender, long bamboo splints used as skewers are thrust through them, and they are then placed on rods over glowing charcoal and broiled brown, being plunged from time to time into a vessel that contains old soy of the color and consistency of molasses. These preparations concluded, the steaming eels again are drained and placed in red lacquer boxes with rice, and set before the customer.

### The Phonograph.

One need not be afraid of operating a machine too constantly, as there is little danger of wearing it out, and the motor will give better service when used frequently than when allowed to stand unused. In all cases avoid winding the spring too tightly. Stop when it offers strong resistance. In many cases it is specifically stated that the needles should not be used more than once, and these directions should be observed. Not to follow them means almost certain damage to the records. The machine should be kept well oiled; otherwise its motion will become sluggish. Sewing machine oil may be used for that purpose. The records should be kept free from dust, as dirt clogs the sound wave grooves and tends to give a scratchy sound to the reproduction. A good record cleaner may be made by giving a small piece of velvet carpet to a wooden block. Such a cleaner always should be used on dusty records before they are placed on the machine.—Suburban Life.

### A Dismal World.

"Why are you sad, my dear? You ought to be supremely happy. Here, I've just inherited a fortune, and everything looks rosy. I can't understand why at such a time as this you should look so dismal. What is it? Have you heard bad news from home?"

"No, no; it isn't that. I'll try to throw it off. I suppose I'm foolish not to be thoroughly happy. Let us not mention the matter again."

"But I insist on knowing what it is that so depresses you. If it's anything that I can help I shall."

"Well, if you must know, I've just heard that the Snobblights next door are going to move away, so she'll not be here to feel jealous of me when we begin to put on style after you get your money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

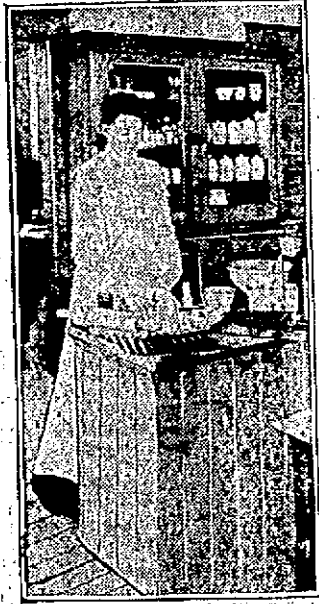
### His Rent Flag.

On Jan. 13 every year, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington is bound to present to the sovereign a small flag, which is the annual rent in "petit sargent" by which the estate of Stratfieldsaye is held of the crown. The flag must be a miniature tricolor or eagle of the Napoleonic army, fringed with gold, with a gilded eagle on the head of the staff and the number of the year embroidered at the top corner of the flag near the eagle.

### CASTORIA.

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COOKING BY RULE.

est things their true importance and assist men and women to be better mentally and physically is worthy due consideration and a fair trial from every individual. So, while these talks concern the housekeeper more closely perhaps than they do men, the latter are not exempt from at least an honest interest in their subject matter.

Those who have anything to do with stock know how important it is that the animals be properly fed in order that they may be suitable for their special purpose. Men give a great deal of study to the different methods of feeding cows and pigs. They talk wisely about whether it is better to feed corn or peas for fattening purposes. They are careful, too, to see that the soil on which the apple orchard is planted contains the proper elements to make strong, productive trees. But when it comes to the daily bill of fare for human beings the average man and woman give it very little thought. At least it is the common rule to eat what is set before us or what our fancy and appetite suggest, until we have so long disregarded the laws of nature that our digestive organs rebel, and we can't eat even the plainest food without discomfort.

It is a fact that the average person knows less about his own anatomy and the functions of his body than about almost any other subject. Think for a moment of the many noted men who are laid aside in early middle life because their digestive organs are worn out. And no wonder they refuse to perform their duties! We would treat a thrashing machine as we treat ourselves and not expect the machine to be good for nothing inside six months. The illustration is more nearly parallel with the case than perhaps you think. The man feeds his engine with coal and wood in order to get energy from it. He also expects to get energy, growth and continued life from his food; at least that is the true reason why he eats. Yet how many men and women are there who from an ordinary bill of fare can select the foods which build tissue—make brain and blood—and which are most suitable for the production of heat and energy?

#### An Old Idea.

"In those old times when they cut off people's heads the train of events proceeded on one modern idea."  
"What was that?"  
"The block system."—Baltimore American.







